A GIRL FROM BOSTON.

She was a Boston maiden and a pink of art society
Who came to Colorado on an observation tour,
And through her gleaming glasses gazed with maidenly propriety
Upon the many wondrous things which tourist folks allure.
Her escort heard her questions in a spirit meek and dutiful,
For he was an obliging and accommodating youth,
And in his apt replies in manner picturesque and beautiful
He ran a woof of fiction through a golden web of truth.

She gazed upon the lofty blocks, alive with hum of business,
And marvelled the architecture with a scientific eye,
Then upon elevator went and gazed in breathless dizziness
Upon the city from a point well up toward the sky.
She studied well our pretty men in all their modest doveliness,
And vowed that they were perfect pearls of masculinish grace,
And when it came to faultless types of breezy western loveliness,
In form as well as feature, our sweet maidens set the pace.

When evening came, she sighed a sigh and said with sweet urbanity:
"They really are out of sight, the many things I've saw.
Your busy streets and palaces, your he and she humanity,
And yonder mountain chain are lovely hands to whom to draw.
But spite of all the beauties of your people, town and scenery,
A loneliness athwart my heart persistently will come,
So if you kindly will oblige and steer me to a leanery
I'll crap my jaws on treasures that will bring a dream of home."

—Denver Post.

CLAPHAM MYSTERY.

"It is all arranged for tomorrow," said young Mrs. Latymer-Wynne, as she and her husband took their seats at the dinner table.

"What is arranged?" asked her husband, a little grumpily, for he had had a long and fatiguing day in the city.

"Oh, the football match, of course."

"And are you going to waste your afternoon in looking on?"

"Quelle idee. Oh, no. I am going play."

"You!" said Harry, and he almost dropped his spoon in disgust.

"Why not? It is all the rage now, and you know I like to be in the fashion."

"You cannot be serious, Kate. You, a married woman, with two children, going to exhibit yourself in that way before a crowd of loafers! And in that dress too!"

"Well, the dress is a little unbecoming—that's the worst of it. But as to exhibiting oneself, that's all nonsense. Isn't it a woman's business to exhibit herself? Don't we all exhibit ourselves when we go to a drawing room?"

"At any rate, you don't kick about and tumble in the mud when you go to a drawing room."

"No; because the rules of the game are different, but one is as much an exhibition as the other."

Mrs. Latymer-Wynne was decidedly cleverer than her husband, and kept him, on the whole, in a state of subjection. He was a good, honest fellow, who did very well on the Stock Exchange, where his high animal spirits and propensity for practical joking were much appreciated, but he was no match for his pretty wife in the little verbal conflicts which sometimes take place between the most affectionate couples. And his wife, though very fond of him, took a delight in teasing him; his awkward attempts at repartee amused her.

"I'm really very lucky to have the chance," she went on. "Lady Flyte—that's our captain, you know—said that, on present form, I hadn't much claim to a place in the team, but that as two of her cracks were down with the 'flu' she'd give me a trial. Oh, wasn't it good of her?"

"Confound her!" said Harry. "But, I say, Kate, this is beyond a joke. I really must beg that you will drop it."

"Yes; into the goal mouth," said his wife demurely. "Now, Harry, don't be an old goose. A hundred years ago, no doubt, it wouldn't have been done at all. Today it is just the newest thing out."

"And you're going to allow a lot of cads to criticise your legs, and perhaps call out, 'Go it, Tommy,' as they did at a ladies' football match the other day. Ladies indeed! It's positively disgusting."

"Oh, I think my legs are all right, Harry. And if they like to call me 'Tommy,' I don't mind. You know it's meant as admiration."

"And woman will do anything for that. Well, I say again it's a monstrous thing, and you will never play football in public with my sanction."

Mrs. Latymer-Wynne smiled contentedly. She was probably conscious that there were a good many things which she did without the sanction of her husband.

Harry noticed the smile, and for once it angered him. He knew that the old days when wives were supposed to submit themselves to their husbands were over and that a direct prohibition from him would only make his wife the more determined to carry out her plan, so he merely said:

"You will regret it yourself one day, Kate. I am sure you will."

But Mrs. Latymer-Wynne only smiled again. She would not give way. Still, if she could have foreseen the terrible calamity that was about to befall her, she would no doubt have relented. But who can foresee the future?

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Those who were living at Clapham—or indeed anywhere in London—at that time cannot have forgotten the extraordinary sensation that was excited by what was called the Clapham mystery, and the scene of the mystery was Mrs. Latymer-Wynne's house.

It appeared that as the various rooms in the upper story were in the hands of the painters and paperers Mr. Latymer-Wynne occupied temporarily the library on the ground floor as a bedroom, while his wife slept with the children on another floor. Nothing occurred during the night to disturb those who slept up stairs, but when the servants came down in the morning and proceeded to call their master they were unable to rouse him. After knocking repeatedly without receiving any reply they informed Mrs. Latymer-Wynne of the state of affairs. That lady was naturally much alarmed and at once sent for assistance. The door was forced open.

The scene which then presented itself was one calculated to excite the most serious apprehensions. There was no sign of Mr. Latymer-Wynne, but there were various indications of a desperate struggle. One of the windows was open below, and between this window and the bed the floor was strewn with fragments of the heavy china ewer belonging to the washstand. It appeared as if this had been used by the unfortunate man as the only thing in the nature of a weapon within reach. More ominous still, a closer inspection revealed blood stains on the carpet.

The bed had evidently been occupied, but the pyjama suit in which Mr. Latymer-Wynne generally slept was missing. He happened not to have dressed for dinner the night before, and the ordinary morning clothes which he had been wearing were found folded up on a chair in his usual neat and methodical manner. But his valuable watch and chain, together with a large sum of money of which he was known to be in possession, had been carried off by the perpetrator or perpetrators of the outrage.

Mrs. Latymer-Wynne was in despair. Of course the police were sent for immediately. They came in the persons of a district inspector and a sergeant. They looked at everything with eyes full of terrible meaning and nodded to each other significantly and occasionally grunted ejaculations. At last, in response to an impassioned appeal from the lady, the inspector succeeded in delivering himself of one or two consecutive sentences.

"Very sorry, mum; it looks like a bad business. Anyway, it's a detective job. We'll write for one at once."

A little later Inspector Bickerdyke, the celebrated detective, made his appearance on the scene. He made a careful examination of everything in the room and then went outside, followed by Mrs. Latymer-Wynne and her servants. Here he pointed to a number of footmarks and said:

"Why, there seems to have been a whole gang at work. It isn't in reason that one man could do the job all by himself, but this looks like an army. Hello, what's this?"

He pointed to two holes in the soft gravel which were conspicuous among the crowd of footmarks.

"I expect they were made by the ladder," said Mrs. Latymer-Wynne. "There was a ladder against the house yesterday for the workmen to do some painting."

"Oh, then, most of these are their footmarks," said the inspector, greatly disgusted. "That complicates matters a good deal, for now we can't get any clew from the footmarks."

It almost seemed as if even Inspector Bickerdyke would, for once, be baffled. But at last his patience was rewarded; a sweep made his appearance on the scene and informed the detective that, as he was passing the house in the early dawn, he had seen a man, very shabbily dressed in a gray suit, stealing from the premises. At the moment he had not attached any importance to the circumstance, as he thought the man was one of the servants. Now, however, he felt it to be his duty to mention it.

The inspector's small eyes twinkled with satisfaction as he listened to this statement. The mere fact that the criminal wore a gray suit did not seem much to go upon, but Inspector Bickerdyke felt pretty sure that it would be enough for him. He would track that gray suit to the remotest corner of the earth.

When he had completed his investigation, he condescended to communicate the result to Mrs. Latymer-Wynne.

"It's a great pity, mum, the shutters weren't put up last night. If they'd been up, this thing might never 'ave 'appened. There were two of them in the job at least—perhaps three. Mr. Wynne, he must have been in bed at the time, and as they came into the room he must have sprung out and tried to defend himself with the water jug. But they were too many for him. However, I think I know the gang, and it won't be long before I lay my hand on 'em."

"But my poor dear husband!" Mrs. Wynne exclaimed, clasping her hands and fixing her eyes with an imploring look on the inspector's face.

The inspector did not answer, but he shook his head gravely. You cannot recall to life a man once murdered. The only comfort for the well regulated mind must be the hope of bringing the murderer to justice.

The next morning there was in all the papers a long account of "The Clapham Mystery." A well known member of the Stock Exchange had been surprised by burglars when asleep, and, after a desperate resistance, had been murdered and the body carried off. And yet all the efforts of the police to discover where the corpse had been hidden had been fruitless. But the investigation having been intrusted to Inspector Bickerdyke, that famous detective had already made an arrest on suspicion. He had succeeded in tracking one of the supposed murderers—the man in the gray suit—step by step from Clapham to Whitechapel, where he had discovered him in a low public house and arrested him. It was added that he would be brought before the magistrates some time that day (Saturday).

When the man was placed in the dock—which, owing to various delays, was not till the afternoon—it soon became clear that the evidence was indeed very strong against him. Inspector Bickerdyke detailed all the circumstances of the crime and the arrest with his usual formality and clearness. "From information received" (though the sweep was to give his evidence the inspector could not bring himself to depart from the established formula) he had reason to believe that one of the criminals was an individual in a gray suit, who had been seen to leave the house under suspicious circumstances at a very early hour in the morning.

He (the inspector) had therefore set himself to work to track this individual and had, he believed, succeeded in doing so. He had arrested him at the Hen and Chickens in Whitechapel. The man refused his name and address, nor would he give any account of himself. He had therefore been taken to the station and there searched and his clothes examined. Blood stains were found upon them.

These might be accounted for by a fresh cut on the thumb of the right hand. He had in his possession a large sum of money in notes and gold, of which he refused to give any account. In fact, he had hardly spoken a dozen words since his arrest. But the strongest piece of evidence against him was that a watch and chain had been found upon him, which had been shown to Mrs. Latymer-Wynne and had been identified by her as belonging to her husband.

"Is the lady here?" asked the magistrate.

"She was requested to be here at 3," said the inspector. "The case 'as come on a little hearlier than we expected, your worship."

The magistrate looked at the clock, and the public stared at the prisoner. He looked a man capable of committing any crime. Short and thickset, he was evidently possessed of great strength. His general appearance was that of a disreputable loafer. The gray suit, to which he owed his detection, was very shabby; he had no collar—in fact, there was a total absence of linen; his hair was disheveled, his face unwashed, his chin covered with a thick stubble.

The evidence of the servants and of the sweep (who swore to his identity) was taken, and then, as Mrs. Latymer-Wynne had not arrived, the magistrate ordered the prisoner to be removed and the next case to be called.

But the next case had not been begun before Mrs. Latymer-Wynne made her appearance. She was at once conducted to the witness box and the prisoner brought back. Apparently even his hardened nature had broken down at the thought of confronting the widow of his victim, for he came back into the court holding a handkerchief to his eyes. Mrs. Latymer-Wynne cast one glance in his direction and then averted her gaze from an object so repulsive to her.

Her evidence was very short, relating as it did merely to the disappearance of her husband and the identification of the watch and chain. When it had been given, Inspector Bickerdyke asked that the prisoner should be remanded for a week, a request which was immediately granted by the magistrate. The prisoner had declined to put any questions to the witnesses. He was now asked if he wished to say anything before being removed, at the same time being warned that anything he might say might be used against him.

"Well, there is one thing I should like to ask," he said, "and that is whether there is any law in England against a man wearing his own watch and chain?"

"Don't trifle with the court," said the magistrate sternly.

But something in the sound of the prisoner's voice had caused Mrs. Latymer-Wynne to turn round and to look at him again.

"What! Harry!" she cried. "Is it you?"

She could say no more. If she did not faint, as her grandmother would have done in similar circumstances, she sank back gasping into a seat.

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked the magistrate, glaring at Inspector Bickerdyke.

The inspector looked as if he were more ready to ask than to answer the question.

"Beg pardon, your worship," he stammered. "It beats me hollow."

"Allow me to explain," said the prisoner blandly. "I am Mr. Latymer-Wynne, and I am curious to know why a gentleman may not leave his own house early in the morning without being arrested. May I ask what crime I have committed?"

"Your conduct is most reprehensible, sir," said the magistrate, fulfilling with a sense of wounded dignity.

"Pardon me, your worship," said the prisoner. "I have done nothing. I have simply been passive in the hands of Inspector Bickerdyke."

"And what was your object in playing such a farce?" asked the magistrate, gulping down his indignation.

"Well, I had two objects. The first is a private one, with which I will not trouble your worship. The other was to see how far the cleverness of a London detective would go. Now that I have got one of them to arrest a man as his own murderer I am satisfied. I think I have established a record."

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"How could you give me such a fright, Harry?" said Mrs. Latymer-Wynne, as a few minutes later she and her husband were driving home together in a cab. "It was very, very cruel of you."

"It was your own fault, Kate. You shouldn't have driven me wild as you did."

"About what?" asked his wife with a delicious air of innocence.

"Oh, you know well enough. I had to stop you somehow from playing in that beastly football match. Next time I shall do something worse."

"But, Harry, dear, you cannot really have thought that I ever meant to play. Why, I only said it to tease you."

"Oh!" said Harry. "Then I needn't have smashed the water jug or cut my finger, after all. But who is to know what a woman does mean?"—Boston (England) Guardian.

A Special Object of Providence.

"I was about to take a train for the west," said the man who was giving his experience, "when a friend persuaded me to stay and attend camp meeting. I cared nothing for camp meetings or any other kind of meetings, but to oblige my friend I staid. Brethren, I read in the paper next day that the entire train on which I would have been traveling was wrecked and every soul on board was killed! Then I saw that Providence — knowing what was about to happen—had put it into my friend's mind to keep me away. Forty people were killed, but thank the Lord, I wasn't in it! I took the warning and have been in favor of camp meetings ever since. In my opinion they're providential, and I never hear that beautiful song:

'Twas a big camp meeting
Saved me,
Saved me,
'Twas a big camp meeting
Saved me!

"I say, I never hear that beautiful song without feeling grateful and full to overflowing!"—Atlanta Constitution.

His Victim's Revenge.

Over in the old north state Bill Spurlin shot Mart Benson. When he saw that Mart was "going," he said: "Mart, old boy, I'm sorry I done it. Fergive me!"

"Allright, Bill," said Mart. "Jest take keer o' my family!"

"Good Lord!" groaned Bill, as he went in search of the coroner. "He got even with me anyhow—thar's 16 in his durned family!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Qualified.

"I never ask a gentleman for money," said a tailor.

"But suppose he doesn't pay you?"

"Well, if he doesn't pay me within a reasonable time I conclude he is not a gentleman, and then I ask him."—London Tit-Bits.

Primitive Peking.

It is perhaps not generally known that the defense of Peking is still largely intrusted to men armed only with bows and arrows. A recent imperial decree solemnly directs that those who "succeed in hitting the target with their arrows on horseback five times be given" such and such rewards, while those who manage to hit the mark four times on foot and once on horseback and four times on foot only shall be proportionately recompensed. The decree concludes with a list of the presidents and tallyists appointed for archery competitions which are still to take place.

What Won Him.

"Tell me, George, was it my beauty or goodness that won your love?"

"Well, to be honest, it was that currant jelly you sent mother."—Chicago Record.

Glances.

Perhaps the short, hasty gazes cast up any day in the midst of business in a dense city at the heavens or at a bit of tree seen amid buildings have in them more of intense appreciation of the beauties of nature than all that has been felt by an equal number of sightseers enjoying large opportunities of sightseeing. Like a prayer offered up in everyday life, these short, fond gazes at nature have something inconceivably beautiful in them.—New York Ledger.

VILLAINY UP TO DATE.

How Far the Camera Fad Will Sometimes Lead a Man.

Rapidly closing and locking the door, the villain turned to the fair lady.

"At last!" he exclaimed.

She looked around in dismay. The room was at the top of the house, and it was useless for her to scream for assistance. No one would have heard her.

"I have been long waiting for this," he said. He chuckled sardonically. His hand grasped his deadly weapon.

"This is cowardly. You have entrapped me. You told me that from this room was to be obtained the finest view in all England."

"The finest view in all England," he replied, with a profound bow, "is actually in the room at this moment."

"If you think that I have beauty," she faltered, "why destroy that beauty? I am too young to die."

He laughed again, as though she had spoken in jest. "I long," he said, "to gloat over the inanimate features that"—

"Coward! Coward!" she cried, and once more she looked for some means of escape. Ah, there was another door immediately behind her! She opened it and hesitated, for within all was absolutely dark.

"Enter," he said, "by all means. It is but a small room, with no window in it and no door but this. You cannot escape. You are in my power. Enter if you will, but be careful lest in the darkness you knock against anything and hurt yourself."

"Would you care?" she asked bitterly.

"I could never forgive myself—never!"

"How dare you say it—you—you, with your hand already on the trigger?"

"It is stronger than I. I cannot help myself. I must do it. Prepare!"

With a long sigh she sank on a low couch and buried her face in her hands.

"Do not do that," said the villain, almost tenderly. She made no reply. There was silence in the room for a moment, and then he spoke again:

"I cannot do it unless you take your hands from your face."

"Then I will keep them there forever."

"In that case," he replied coldly, "I will wait." He took a cigarette from his case and proceeded in a leisurely way to light it.

To do so he had to put down his weapon. Watching him narrowly between her fingers, she saw her chance and made a sudden rush, but it was of no avail. He had snatched up the weapon again before she could secure it. Once more she flung herself on the couch and covered her face.

"You know," she said, "that I detest the smell of tobacco."

"A thousand pardons!" he replied as he flung the cigarette through the open window. "I had been misinformed, and certainly you carry a silver matchbox."

"That is only for my bicycle lamp."

"They always say that," he said meditatively. "However, I can wait just as patiently without smoking. I am not a slave to the habit."

There was once more a moment's silence. She changed her position restlessly. Suddenly she sprang up and stood erect, letting her hands fall by her side.

"Go on," she said. "If it must be done, let it be done quickly. Get it over. Do your worst."

She looked superb as she stood there, a graceful figure in the sunlight. In her eyes there was an infinite kindliness, as though she bore no malice against her persecutor. Now, just at the end, she smiled.

He saw it all, unmoved, without wavering for one moment from his fell purpose.

"That's magnificent!" he cried as, raising his camera, he pulled the trigger and photographed her abominably.—Barry Pain in Black and White.

Betrayal of Military Secrets.

The betrayal of military secrets by venal officers was and is constantly occurring in all the continental armies. In October, 1890, Lieutenant Jean Bonnet was tried at Nancy for being in the pay of a foreign power and selling documents relating to the national defenses. He was convicted. In 1888 Adjutant Chatelain was also convicted of selling military secrets to the foreigner, and in 1895 a similar charge was brought home to Captain Guillot. None of these cases excited more than passing attention in the press. Had these men been known, it would, of course, have been otherwise.—Fortnightly Review.

To Whiten a Fowl.

Place it in a saucepanful of cold water slightly salted. Directly the water boils remove the fowl and plunge it into cold water and let it stand half an hour. Treated in this way, the meat of your curried fowl will be of the desired whiteness.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

— In seeking a wife, a young man should remember that a beautiful character is not liable to become wrinkled and faded.

— They tell a story at Lisbon, Me., of a man who in his prosperity built him a a 125-foot hen-house, and when adversity overtook him hied himself thither with his wife, and after making some alterations lived there modestly, but in comfort.

— At the birth of a Japanese baby, a tree is planted, which must remain untouched till the marriage of the child. When that hour arrives, the tree is cut down, and a skilled cabinet maker transforms the wood into furniture, which is always cherished by the young couple as the most beautiful of the ornaments in the house.

— Ink stains are entirely removed by the immediate application of dry salt before the ink has dried. When the salt becomes discolored by absorbing the ink, brush it off and apply more; wet slightly. Continue until the ink has disappeard.

— "Ever notice," asked the stove, "what a modest creature the clock is?" "Referring, I presume," said the woodbox, "to her holding her hands before her face?" "Why, no, not so much that as to her habit of running herself down."

— Scales are now made that will weigh the flame of a candle or the smallest strand of hair plucked from the eyebrow.

— Minister—So you go to school, do you, Bobby? Bobby—Yes, sir. Minister—Let me hear you spell kitten. Bobby—I'm getting too big a boy to spell kitten, sir. Try me on cat.

— Reading without thinking is like pouring water through a sieve.